



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 5.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1798.

WHOLE NO. 525.

WATERMAN OF BESONS;

A MORAL TALE.

[Continued from our last.]

BEFORE his death, he had married me to a Russian girl, whose fortune was situated in the kingdom of Kasan, in one of the plains near the Wolga. His tender foresight had hoped by this to save me from the danger to which he was fallen a victim himself. He dreaded lest my health should be affected by the piercing cold of the north of Russia. My son, said he, go and grow old beneath a southern sun. I delayed to follow this advice, and the favor of Catherine and Anne kept me at their court. But, on the revolution that was effected by Elisabeth, grieved to see the disgrace of Osterman and Munich, my father's two patrons, and the first men in the state; and still more afflicted at the declining health of my wife, which had been in a languid state ever since she brought her only child into the world, I recollected my father's counsel, and repaired to the banks of the Wolga to seek a milder sky, and a better certainty of repose.

You will easily believe, that in a country where men are the chief riches of the soil to which they belong, that it is not less a rule of economy than of humanity for the proprietor to behave well to his vassals; and that if it were easy to teach them to be free, he would not neglect that means of making them happy. Such was my ambition; and, in improving their morals, by the progress of knowledge, example, and habit, I was in hopes of rendering them deserving of less rigorous laws.

This hope was blasted by an event which I might have foreseen in a time of revolution. The Tartars inhabiting the vicinity of Wolga made frequent incursions; and my abode was sacked by one of their parties that was on a plundering expedition. My wife was no more; my daughter was torn from my arms at the age of fifteen; and I was reduced to slavery myself. Alas! it was neither the loss of my fortune, nor of my liberty, that I deplored. I was a father; my daughter was in the hands of the Tartars; and I thought I had lost her forever. That was the only care that sat heavy on my heart; the rest was nothing. But my daughter! my daughter! I did not even dare to think of the fate she must have undergone.

More than once, among the muskilmans, I should have remained in the service of masters tolerably kind, if I had possessed the talents of a slave. I was docile and diligent, but weak, awkward, and unfit for every thing: the spade was the only instrument that I handled with dexterity; and I was soon tired of that laborious exercise. When any one asked me what I had learnt, by way of knowing what I was good for, I always answered, languages and mathematics: this was not what the good muskilmans wanted; and without quarrelling with me, they sold me as a useless animal, at a very low rate.

Thus from place to place was I carried about that part of Asia formerly so celebrated, and now called Natolia. I trudged patiently over the ruins of the empire of Darius and Alexander, and along the plains where Scipio defeated Antiochus. I

saw the straits through which Xerxes passed with his army; and I recollected his return. I travelled through the kingdom of Mithridates and that of Croesus. I perceived, at a distance, the seraglio that fills the site of the ancient palace of Constantine. I crossed the fields where towered the walls of Troy; and I thought that I could still distinguish the Scamander. Sometimes digging in a garden above the ruins of Ephesus, I thought of Munich, who was in Siberia, digging the earth like me. You may suppose, that compared with these revolutions, mine seemed but a trifle.

At length, I found a place that suited me, at the house of a merchant of Damascus, who held me in some esteem on account of my talent for calculation. He was a worthy man, of a feeling heart, indulgent, and equitable: his disposition was a mixture of gentleness and gravity; but unfortunately I did not know that he was a follower of the doctrine of Pythagoras.—Of Pythagoras! Yes, ladies, I have met with all the ancient philosophy; schools of stoics, sceptics, and epicureans. Why wonder at this? I was in their country; nor is it very strange that, after a few thousand years, the spirits of Zeno, Epicurus, and Pythagoras, should still be hovering there.

The philosopher one day heard the cries of a dog that I had driven out of the house: why, said he, mildly, did you beat the dog? Do you know by what soul he is animated? 'Tis certainly that of an obliging and grateful man, of an affectionate and faithful friend. Why then make him suffer! Beat a wild boar or avaricious wolf, and you will only punish the soul of a bad man, the soul of a bathos or a visir. But in the dog, the camel, and the elephant, let us respect, my friend, the misfortune of a man of worth, whose soul is only doing penance for some fault, a very trifling one, perhaps. As he saw that I was rather surprised at his doctrine, he was desirous of explaining it.

When a man expires, said he, if his soul be not very pure, his chastisement consists in passing into the body of some animal of a disposition analogous to his own (and here he gave me a long account of these different metamorphoses) but after an expiation of longer or shorter duration, added he, it returns, in a purified state, to animate the body of some new-born child.

Nothing would be more comfortable than your doctrine, said I, if we could but recollect what we have been: but unfortunately, oblivion cuts the thread of existence, and after each mutation the man is a new one, and the soul likewise. He listened to me with his eyes cast down.—The objection you start, said he, after a few moments reflection, is that of a man hard of belief. You must think that it would afflict me; and it does not become you to furnish me with matter for affliction. I never did you harm; but you do me a cruel injury by disturbing me in my belief.—The next day he sold me.

The Dey of Algiers had ordered search to be made for a slave that might serve as interpreter of the European languages. As I was acquainted with several, I was bought for him, and entered into his service. He was the last man in the world

to give himself the trouble of thinking. He was curious, and a great asker of questions, but very easily satisfied; and provided, like a child, he received an answer that he thought he understood, true or not he was contented.

For instance, when I had told him whence I came, he asked me if in my country there were a sun, moon, and stars. I answered, no; but that the people there warmed themselves by his sun at a distance; and that at night they were lighted by his moon and stars. I plainly saw that he was proud these fine things belonged to nobody but him.

Do you, who are learned, said he, one evening, know what become of the stars when they fall? I had no inclination to tell him that the stars did not fall; for he would have put himself in a passion. Luckily I recollected the saying of Fontenelle; and I answered, that the stars went to form the new moons!—Very well, said he; and the old moons. They break into stars, said I, to supply the place of those that fall.—I understand, said he; and that explains to me what become of the moon that Mahomet split asunder.

Another time he asked me, why the beasts did not speak? Some, answered I, do not speak, because they do not know what to say; others, because they are afraid of talking nonsense, and like better to be silent than to speak imprudently.—They are in the right, said he, and if my parrot had been as wise, I should not have cut his head off for an imprudent thing he said to me the other day.—This example of the parrot was a piece of advice to the interpreter.

When speaking of the European arts, he asked me, if any body there had the art of making rain and fair weather? I answered, yes; but that it was an art practised only by the women. He asked me, in what consisted the secret?—I do not very well know, said I; but it is with weather-cocks, which they make so as to turn the way they like. He thought he understood this mechanism.—I should be glad, said he, to have one of these work-women sent over to me; and if ever I should send you to your country on an embassy, you shall do me that piece of service. I assured him he might depend upon my zeal. But I was necessary to him in my quality of interpreter, and should have been with him still, if heaven, whose will it was that I should regain my daughter, had not permitted a beautiful time-piece, which the king had made a present of to the curious Algerine, suddenly stop.

When it was found to be motionless, the whole palace was in an uproar. It was wound up; but it went first too fast, then too slow, and at last stopped again. The Dey said it had lost its wits, and promised wonders to any one who would restore it to its senses; for he was determined, let the expence be what it might, to know what was the hour of the day. I even perceived, that he considered this accident as an unlucky omen; and that it broke his rest.

Then recollecting the first lessons I had received from my father, of an art he afterwards made me quit, I hoped still to know enough of it to find a remedy for the accident that had happened to the time-piece; and I ventured to say, that if

the Day, as a reward, would please to give me my liberty, I thought I was well enough acquainted with the machine to set its springs to rights again. Liberty was promised me; and Mahomet, by whom a true believer never swears in vain, was called to witness the agreement. I succeeded in restoring the time-piece to its senses; and the Day, overjoyed at finding it more reasonable than ever, kept his word, and consented to my being one of the number of redeemed captives.

Hark'ee said he, when I threw myself prostrate at his feet to return him thanks, do not forget my commission. I have nothing here but weather-cocks, which the wind turns; and I should be glad to have some of those that turn the wind; if you can procure me any, I should be still more obliged to you than for curing my time-piece. In this manner, ladies, did I find my way out of slavery; and thus carried naturally down the stream of life, altho by a circuitous course, was I conducted from Paris to Moscow, from Russia to Africa, and from Algiers to Befons.

Why, indeed, said my two companions, there is nothing in all this but what is simple and natural.

[To be continued.]

RISA.

"So all should speak whose lovely bosoms glow
"With Patriotic ardor--so should act
"Each matron, virgin, and each bride, to whom
"A son a brother, or a husband's dear."

FENNEL.

***** BUT Risa was deserv'ing of a hero's love; for although her feelings were at first as acute as her sister's, and her pale cheek and trembling limbs shewed the conflict that passed in her heart; yet, before they reached home, she was composed enough to comfort her afflicted sister. "Let us remember, Valeske," said she with dignity, "That we are Thebais's daughters, who was fated to march against Arno's enemies on the day his nuptials were celebrated. Our lovers are likewise heroes, and shall we repine, because our country calls them from us?" Valeske received but little consolation from her sister's words, nor could she reconcile herself to the idea of so cruel a separation. She looked at Risa, and the tears trickled down her cheeks. "Weep not," said Risa, with a forced smile, "for it cannot be altered; for war is the soldier's destination, but this we forget, when our country enjoys the blessings of peace. When the statesman indolently reclined on his couch, is forming plans for the public good; and the farmer, knowing the fruits of harvest will be his, is carelessly whistling behind his team, then does the idle warrior fold the girl he loves to his heart, and throwing his snowy arms round her neck, assures her of his constant love; and she, finding herself happy in the possession of all she holds dear, thinks the fleeting moments she now enjoys will prove an eternity. But how soon does the fond herself mistaken, the hostile trumpet sounds--duty calls, and the arm that before encircled her neck, now wields a sword--her hero marches to punish a rapacious foe, and returns to lay his laurels at her feet." "But many," said Valeske, with a sigh, never return." "Many," replied Risa, "die in their beds; and should they not return, you know we are certain of meeting them on the other side the grave."

A NEW MODE OF DUELLING.

A Singular mode of determining the point of honor, was lately hit upon; a person, who had been a carpenter, having received a challenge from an officer in the army, on account of some imaginary affront, and not attending to it, was waited on by his antagonist, to know his determination; he observed, that being allowed by the laws of chivalry to chafe his weapons, he only waited to avail himself of that privilege; then taking the challenger into an adjoining apartment, where two large GIMBLETS lay upon the table. "There, sir," said he, "there are my weapons;" "I don't know what you mean, sir," said the officer. "I mean, sir," said he, opening his bosom, "that if you can bore a hole sooner than I can, the matter is settled." It is hardly necessary to say, that this proposal was not accepted.

SORROW is a kind of rust to the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage, to four away. It is the putrefaction of stagnate life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.

LOVE.

O LOVE! thou pleasing yet tormenting thing;
What joys thou giv'st, what sorrows dost thou bring!
Under thy influence the shepherd swain
Bound to his cot, trips joyful o'er the plain.
When the fair Clot his modest passion heard,
Not with disdain as once fond Damon fear'd:
But with a lover's blush avow'd her heart,
Was wholly his no rival held a part.
How happy Clot! as Damon none so blest!
The world admix'd them, and this truth confess'd,
That love well founded mutual and sincere,
Can never fail to make a happy pair:
But ah! how different is poor Felix' fate,
Who penive mourns his cruel adverse late;
Sedly from the proud Daphne he returns,
She says, she hates him, and his passion scorns!
The shepherd's breast by disappointment torn
By jealousy,--but most by Daphne's scorn!
Cries "O cruel maid what joys were thine 't give
But you deny: then why should Felix live?"
Does Damon love? Felix' passion is as strong
With pure affection he has lov'd as long:
Yet Damon's blest'd with his consenting fair,
While Felix falls the victim of despair.

New-York, July 14.

EDWIN.

MY NATIVE HOME.

From ROBINSON'S "Pupil of Nature."

O'er breezy hill or woodland glade
At morning's dawn or closing day,
In summer's haunting pomp stray'd,
Or penive moonlight's silver grey,
The wretch in sadness still shall roam,
Who wanders from his Native Home.
While, at the foot of some old tree,
As meditation soothes his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling stream, or whispering wind,
His fragrant fancy still shall roam,
And lead him to his Native Home.
Tho' love a fragrant couch may weave,
And fortune heap the festive board,
Still memory oft would turn to grieve,
And reason scorn the splendid hoard:
While he, beneath the lowliest dome,
Would languish for his Native Home.
To him the rushy roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen;
While pomp, and pride, and power appear,
At best the glittering plagues of men;
Unthought by those that never roam,
Forgetful of their Native Home.
Let me to summer shades retire,
With meditation and the muse!
Or round the social winter fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse:
Tho' winds may howl and waters foam,
I still shall bless my Native Home.
And oh! when youth's extatic hour,
And passion's glowing noon are past,
Should age behold the tempest low'r,
And sorrow blow its keenest blast,
My shade no longer doom'd to roam,
Shall find the grave a Peaceful Home.

EPIGRAM ON A DRUNKARD.

HE tumbles about, like a fool, we must own,
For by keeping it up he has knock'd himself down;
Yet, if he continues oft draining his cup,
By falling so often, he'll knock himself up.

On the Marriage of a BUTCHER to a TANNER'S DAUGHTER.

A fitter match hath never been,
The FLESH is wedded to the SKIN.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF FLATTERY.

IRIDATES, King of Armenia, having been defeated and made a prisoner by the Roman General Corbulo, was brought before Nero in Rome; and the captive King, knowing Nero's blind side, and that he loved to be flattered, fell on his knees before him, saying, "I am near kinsman to the puissant Lord Aisaces, brother to the two potent monarchs Volgefus and Pacorus, yet glory more in having the honor to be your imperial Majesty's servant; and therefore am come to pay you the same devotion as I do the sun, which is my Deity, and with pleasure will be what you please to make me, for you are my destiny and fortune." Which artificial sycophantry so hit the humor of Nero, that he gave him his kingdom again, and a hundred thousand pieces of gold, to bear his charges into Armenia.

WE are told by Diodorus Siculus, that it was the ancient custom of the Ethiopians, that, if their King, by any misfortune in war, or otherwise, was disabled in any of his limbs, his courtiers and friends would voluntarily maim themselves in the same parts, that they might not enjoy a happiness the King wanted. Therefore, if the King was lame, the whole court halted; if the King had but one eye, they would put out one of theirs; and, if he died, his choicest friends would follow him by a voluntary death, which their blind zeal persuaded them was honorable, and a demonstration of the sincerity of their friendships.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE

Of a dangerous leak in a ship being stopped by a fish.

IN the year 1769 a packet-boat returning from Holland into England, was so shaken by a tempest, that she sprung a leak, and was in the utmost extremity of danger in the midst of her course. When all the mariners and passengers were in the last distress, and the pumps had been long worked for carrying off the water, but all to little purpose, the hole suddenly stopped, seemingly of itself. This struck them all with wonder and astonishment; and they no fear got safe into port, then they examined the ship to see what was the matter, and found a fish sticking in the hole, which had been driven into it by the force of the tempest! Without this wonderful providence they must all have perished.

EXTRACT.

SEVERAL examples prove that irrational animals are capable of warm affection to mankind. The following which I had from Dr. Franklin, is very striking. It happened in England some years ago. A flock of cranes passed over a village. One of them being wounded, by a shot, could not keep up with her company, but dropt and hid herself in a thicket. A poor old woman found this distressed bird, and kindly took her home, cured and nourished her. When the flock returned, this crane joined them and went off. The next season she returned, and in passing over the village, wheeled down to the hospitable hut. Not finding her benefactress, she traversed the village in search of her. Esquying at last the old woman, she sprung to her in raptures, tenderly clasped her in her wings, and folded her long neck round her bosom.

THOMAS PAINE AND JUDAS ISCARIOT

BY the Redacteur, a Paris paper, under the immediate direction of the French Directory, we learn, that Tom Paine is writing, under the patronage of Talleyrand, "a vindication of the character of Judas Iscariot," wherein, with his usual plausibility, he endeavours to prove, that Judas was a SON PATRIOTE, that he betrayed his master upon principles of liberty and equality, and that the thirty pieces of silver was but a ROUGE ROSE, which is countenanced by the professors and proposais of X. Y. and a LADY.

MAXIM.

CALL him truly religious who believes in something higher, more powerful, more living, than visible nature; and who, clear as his own existence, feels his conformity to that superior being.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1793.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Yesterday morning, between 3 and 4 o'clock, a most dreadful circumstance occurred at a French boarding house near the Exchange in this city. Madame GARDIE, late of the Theatre, was in bed with her son about 11 years of age. Monsieur Gardie, who had cohabited with her a number of years, and who lodged in the same room, got up, ordered the boy to rise, and got into her bed. The boy hearing his mother cry out, asked what was the matter? Mr Gardie desired him to be still; his mother had only fainted. Soon after, hearing a knocking against the partition, he got up and went to the bed, where he found Mr. Gardie in the agonies of death, and his mother lying dead in the bed.

It appears that he stabbed her with a new carving knife in the left breast, which penetrated immediately to the heart, as she appears to have expired instantly. He was wounded on the breast, in two places, with his own hand; and must have died in great agony, as he had fallen from the bed on the floor, and was covered with blood. The Coroner's Inquest brought in a verdict, that he was the cause of her death, and afterwards committed suicide.

The cause of this very dreadful catastrophe, is attributed to extreme jealousy, and her refusing to accompany him to France, whither he was going shortly, having taken his passage. This refusal excited his jealousy; tho there does not appear any grounds for the suspicion.

On Monday last the Congress of the United States adjourned, after passing eighty four acts. The session has been the most interesting of any since the existence of the Federal government; and the momentous business in which they were engaged has kept the public mind in continual agitation. The bill from the Senate altering the time of the next meeting was rejected by the House of Representatives; consequently Congress will meet again on the first Monday in December.

The President of the United States, by proclamation dated the 13th inst. has revoked the EXEQUATURS of the Consuls of the French Republic in the United States, viz. of Citizens LETOMBE, ROZIER, ARCANBAL, and MORGARD. The Arms of the Republic of France were, in consequence, taken down from the front of the Vice-Consul's residence in this city on Monday.

Wednesday morning, between 2 and 3 o'clock, the work shop of Mr Nathaniel Bloume, hatter, in Water-street, near Crane wharf, was discovered to be on fire. The flames soon communicated to the buildings in the rear, and totally consumed five or six and nearly injured as many others. The misfortunes of several industrious families who are deprived of their places of residence, besides sustaining other losses, deserves peculiar consideration.

From an authentic source, says the United States Gazette, we are assured that General WASHINGTON will accept of his appointment of Lt. General, and Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States.

Tippo Saib has made overtures for an alliance offensive and defensive with France, the object of which was, war against the English possessions in the East; for which purpose the Isle of France has acceded to his request for military assistance.

The Turkish army have commenced operations against the Rebel Pashan Oglou. Oglou was in the city of Widen with his partizans, provisioned for a year, but blockaded by 30,000 Turks.

The following is extracted from a Boston paper of the 12th instant.

FRENCH BARBARY UNEQUALED.

Mr Samuel Pince, who arrived in town yesterday from Basseterre (Gaudaloupe) via Salem, has communicated the following particulars of a transaction, which must rouse the indignation, and interest the feelings of every American.

Capt. Ebenezer Smith, of the armed ship Hunter, of this place, bound for Martinique, in lat 14 38, fell in with a French privateer schooner of 8 guns, and 80 men, who after hailing Capt. S. and demanding him to come on board with his papers, was replied to by Capt. S. that he was willing to see them on board, and exhibit his papers; but

that he was engaged in a lawful trade, and being armed, would suffer no other interruption.

The privateer then immediately fired, and repeated it both with cannon and musquetry, until she got nearly abreast of the ship, when unfortunately, at the moment Capt. S. was giving orders to point the guns and fire into the privateer, which was executed in part with effect, he was wounded in the groin, and fell to the deck; this unhappy circumstance created confusion on board the ship, the helmsman quitted his station, the vessel fell off, and the privateer instantly lay along side and boarded; previous to this, Mr Stafford the boatswain was killed, the mate, and Mr David Bradlee, a passenger, wounded.

Here commenced a scene which would have disgraced savages. Capt. Smith, wounded as he was, lying bleeding in the passage way, was assaulted, and received more than 20 flebs and cuts in his breast, back, sides, and arms. Young Bradlee, having discharged a blunderbuss and killed one of the officers on board the privateer, was probably marked out as a victim; three monitors cut him into pieces and threw him overboard. They also wounded Mr. Prince, a passenger. A son of Capt. Smith, about 15 years old, being found in one of the state rooms, was dragged out; and while the lad had his hands over his head to guard him in some measure from the blows which were aimed to dispatch him, had them cut in a shocking manner.

Extract of a letter from Plymouth, N. H. to a gentleman in this city, dated July 8.

"You have no doubt observed in the Boston papers, the arrival of the schooner Sally, of Plymouth, from Demerara, under command of the mate, who had re-taken her from the French Privateers. The schooner is now here; having a concern in her, I am made acquainted with the particulars from the mate.

"She was taken May 27, in lat 28 lon 50, by an 18 gun ship from Bordeaux—all the crew, except the mate and one seaman, were taken out, and 7 Frenchmen put on board, and ordered for Bordeaux. Ten days after, we discovered that the hoops of the water had started, and nearly all leaked out. It was then determined to stand for St. Martins. The water was so scant that they told the mate unless they fell in with some vessel to get a supply, they should kill him and his seaman, in order to lengthen out their water. June 10, the water was nearly all expended—the prize-master told the mate that if he did not fall in with some vessel in 48 hours, and get some water, he should certainly kill the two Americans, and they must prepare for death! June 12 they spied a sail—she was a sloop from Newport to the West Indies. The prize-master ordered the mate to hail her, and beg for some water.—He did so, but they could spare but little. The mate found means to communicate to the crew of the sloop his situation, and requested their assistance to re-take the schooner; they told him they had no arms, and could not assist him. He then desired them to pick him up in case they were too strong for him, and he would attempt to become master himself. Accordingly, while the sloop's boat was along side, the crew of the schooner all on deck, their arms below, he seized a handspike, and with one stroke, levelled the prize-master and his mate, who were standing in the companion way. The boatswain, a very stout man, was in the shrouds, fixing a purchase to hoist in the water, who immediately defended, and came at him, they clinched, and in the struggle, the mate threw him overboard. In the mean time, the other American could find no other weapon than a brick bat, with which he prostrated one, by a stroke on the head. Thus they had dispatched 4, and but 3 remained, who were so panic struck, at the boldness of the action, that they jumped overboard, and left the two Americans masters of the schooner! The mate desired the sloop's boat to pick them up, and save their lives; but they said they dared not, lest they might inform (though unjustly) that they were concerned in the transaction, and they were left to perish. The man knocked down with a brick bat came to, and they brought him in; he is about 19, and is so well pleased with his usage on board the schooner, that he does not wish to leave her, and wishes not to return to France.

"The heroism of this transaction, is astonishing to all who hear it. I am the more surprised that ONE MAN, with the very little assistance he could have from another quite feeble with sickness, should attempt to subdue seven in open day, than that he should succeed after making the attempt. Such an instance of intrepidity, I believe, was never equalled, surely never surpassed.

"The schooner arrived at Boston 20 days after re-capture."

LONDON, May 14.

One of the morning papers says, "We understand that government have received private advice from the coast of France, that the ridiculous project of the invasion of this country has been completely abandoned by the Executive Directory. The boasted Army of England, it is said, has been reduced by defection to less than 60,000 men, 20,000 of whom, including 14 regiments of cavalry, have been ordered to proceed immediately to Switzerland and the upper Rhine, where some strong measures are about to be enforced.

A gentleman who is arrived in town from the French coast says, that previous to his departure he read in a Paris paper a message from the Executive Directory to the Council of Five Hundred, in which it is intimated that many recent elections have been influenced by foreign gold, through the agency of the royalists and terrorists, who have formed a junction; and that they have in consequence thereof, judged it prudent to annul such of them as appeared to have been accomplished by these corrupt means.

COURT of HYMEN.

LOVE, thou canst soften torture, banish pain,
Raise towers of Eden in a wilderness,
Bind every social blessing in thy train,
And form the summit of all human bliss.

MARRIED.

On Friday evening the 6th inst. at Newark, by the Rev Dr M'Walter, Mr HENRY DEVAINE, of Povothon, to Miss RACHEL MILLS, of North Farms.

On Sunday the 8th inst. at New Castle, by Caleb Kirby, Esq. Mr STEAS WASHBURN, to Miss MARTHA BAKER.

On Thursday the 12th inst. at Poughkeepsie, by the Rev Mr Brower, Mr ELIAS E. VAN BUNCHOTEN, of that place, to Miss POLLY DUBOIS of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev Dr Livingston, Mr ABRAHAM ODLE VALENTINE, to Miss ELLEN POST, daughter of Anthony Post, Esq. all of this city.

MORTALITY.

THRO' life's fantastic, gloomy maze,
What dangers threaten mortal man!
What pains attend him all his days,
And wreck, with woe, his doubtful span.

DIED.

On Friday the 13th inst. Mrs ANN WINTERTON, aged 68 years.

On Saturday last, in the 35th year of her age, after a lingering illness, which she sustained with uncommon fortitude, Mrs ELIZA VREDENBURGH, wife of Mr William I. Vredenburg, of this city, merchant. In her were united the affectionate partner, the tender parent, and benevolent friend.

On Wednesday morning last, in the 10th year of her age, Miss ELIZA LARGIN, daughter of Mrs Elizabeth Largin, widow of the late Michael Largin, Lieutenant in the British legion.

JOHN HARRISSON

Has just received and for sale at his Book Store,
no. 3 Peck-Slip,

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA,

An elegant medium folio, in five vols. handsomely bound,
with plates of the finest engraving.

ALSO,

An assortment of Gentlemen's Red Morocco

POCKET BOOKS,

And a great variety of the newest Novels, School Books,
Stationary, &c.

SIX CENTS REWARD.

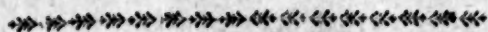
Run away from the subscriber, on the 5th day of July inst. an Apprentice Boy, named WILLIAM HIGBY—Whoever will return said apprentice shall receive the above reward.

WILLIAM SHATZEL,

No. 248 Water Street.

All masters of vessels and others are forbid harboring or carrying him off,

23 3W



COURT OF APOLLO.

EPICRAMS

BY THE LATE REV. MR. BISHOP.
Mutatis mutandis.

"PERHAPS," said a doctor, one day to his friend,
"You remember a tale which you made me attend:
That tale, Sir, much more than you think of has cost:
It detain'd me so long, that a patient was lost."
"Alas!" quoth the friend, "I'm quite sorry for that,
That your patient should suffer for my idle chat."
"Should suffer!"—the doctor replied with a sigh,
"No!—he is the fatter!—the fatter I am I!
Nature popp'd in between, while I slacken'd my speed;
And the man was got well before I could get feed."

ANOTHER.

Vires acquirit eundo.

IN China, when a husband's praise
The beauties of his wife displays,
Among her charms, he never fails,
To rank her growing length of nails.
"Twould give our married men some fear,
Had beauty such a standard here!
For sure (I speak it with concern)
Things might, sometimes, take such a turn,
That as a lady's talons grew,
Her passions might get stronger too!
Tongues without nails (excuse me if I'm wrong)
Are always long enough—if not too long.



THE ROSE.

SEE, on that rising thorny bush,
The early fragrant, half-blown rose;
Which opening now begins to blush,
And rip'ning beauties to disclose!

I pluck'd one in its purple bloom,
To deck the bosom of my fair;
Whose breath exhales its sweet perfume,
And spreads the flavour thro' the air.

But see, an emblem of mankind!
Whom time and death reduce to clay;
And you my fair will quickly find,
Your sweets like these will fly away.

Yet these, tho' wither'd now, and dead,
A pleasing sweet do still retain;
Fit to perfume your downy bed,
Altho' they never bloom again.

Then see, that Virtue's paths you trace,
In these you will a pleasure find;
And when that you have run your race,
You'll leave a lasting sweet behind.



ANECDOTE.

WHEN Talleyrand (now Minister of Foreign Affairs in France) was in this country, he travelled by land from Frenchman's bay to Boston. In a town not far from Kennebeck river, he called at an inn for some refreshment. As his ill stars would have it, he presently introduced himself to the maid of the house, and offered to administer the "fraternal embrace" sans ceremonie; but the girl instantly repelled the attempt, by severely cuffing his ears. The right reverend Bishop apologized by saying "it was von very grand custom in his country;" but the indignant fair one, not inclining to admit the custom, told him "he was one very great puppy," and by the aid of the tongs, compelled him to "quit the Republic."

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FOR diseases of the skin, herpetic affections, and eruptions of the face, and which is so prevalent in both sexes, however malignant in their nature, or of long standing, prepared by CHARLES ANDREWS, Surgeon, late apprentice at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and house pupil under Mr. Blicke for six years. Sold by appointment at Messrs Titford and Co's, Druggists, no. 85 Maiden Lane, and at the proprietor's medicinal store, no. 208 Water street, New-York; and also at Mr. Robert Stafford's druggist, no. 36 Market street, Philadelphia; in half pint bottles, with printed directions, price one dollar each.

This Lotion is approved of by the most eminent of the profession, and is now offered to the public as a very valuable acquisition to medicine, being a certain specific remedy for the great variety of obnoxious and virulent diseases to which mankind are subject, under the common denomination of Scorbatic, &c. also in every case where the patient is afflicted with either Inflammation, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Carbuncles, Black Worms, Inflammatory Ulcers, and a variety of symptoms attending an impure and diseased state of the skin. This Specific Lotion, besides being a certain cure for the above, is perfectly safe in its use, and is not injurious to the tenderest constitution, or the most delicate complexion.

Its efficacy arises from its possessing a moderate stimulating power, which excites a reaction in the stagnated vessels, relieving obstructed perspiration, and by these means eradicates the morbid and viscid matter externally, without producing any other apparent effect, than, on its first use, causing a small degree of scurf to be thrown off.

Thus simply, speedily, and effectually, does this Lotion remove every obstruction, impurity, and disease of the skin, without producing any unpleasant symptom. The manner of applying it, is to have the face, or part affected, washed clean with water, and wiped dry with a linen cloth, then, first taking care to shake the bottle, the part affected is to be moderately washed with the Lotion night and morning.

One bottle generally affords the most surprising relief; but the quantity that may be necessary to use, must depend on the violence of the complaint, or the length of time it may have been standing.

New-York, May 5, 1798.

By an order of Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the city of New-York: Notice is hereby given to all the creditors of Paul Parcels, of the city of New-York, Insolvent debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said Recorder, at his office in the city of New-York, by the seventeenth day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, why an assignment of the said insolvent's estate should not be made, and he discharged according to the act entitled "An act for giving relief in cases of insolvency," passed the 21st of March, 1788. Dated the 18th day of June, 1798. PAUL PARCELS.

Nehemiah Heatt, one of the Petitioning Creditors.
21--6w. 2

THE creditors of Theodorus Brower and Charles Simmons, Insolvent Debtors, now confined in the common goal of the county of Bergen, are hereby notified, that on Saturday the 28th day of July next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, the Judges of the inferior court of common pleas, in and for the said county, will meet at the court house in the said county, agreeably to appointment, to hear what can be alleged for or against the liberation of the said insolvents.

THEODORUS BROWER.
CHARLES SIMMONS.

New Barbadoes, June 19, 1798.

21--4w

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GEORGE BUCKMASTER,

BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship-Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat shop from Water-street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and on terms as low as any in New-York.

NB. Sweeps and Oars of all sizes.

12--6m

LOST.

A MEMORANDUM BOOK, fastened by a black lead pencil, cracked in the middle: It contained only a few papers of no importance to any but the owner. The person who has found it will receive a proper reward and the thanks of the owner, by applying at no. 3, Peck-slip

July 14, 1798.

24--1f

ROBERT M'MENNOMY,

HAS removed to No 107 William-street, nearly opposite his former residence, where he has for sale

3 bales blue half thick,
1 box perfumery and cloth powders,
60 pieces green scarceine,
1000 do tailor's black horn buttons,
Black and blue Dutch cloth, of superior quality,
London superfine cloths,
do kerfimers, plain and figured,
Counterpane, silk shawls, coloured,
Silk galloon, black and white laces and edgings,
Holland bedbuns,
With a general assortment of DRY GOODS.

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12--1f